

### The Pear Blight.

Our fruit men at Onwida, have a pratio

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smaller or common-sized fine-w

**Why Salt acts as a Manure**

The agricultural editor of the *Tribune* questions by saying: "The reason is because tans much of the quality of unacche. His reason for concluding that "salt contains the quality of unleached ashes," is that a manufactured from salt.

We would like to know what "quality" of

four per cent. of carbonate of soda found in wood cases. The poor kinds of ashboards, &c., sometimes contain as much as twenty per cent. but this simply shows that the more nearly approach to the pure alkali the better.

The way in which salts acts as a solvent is another question. It may act as a solvent, as the phosphates; or it may not be such tonic or stimulant, like sulphate of soda, which might excite the system.

But unfortunately, our knowledge of the plant growth are too limited to allow us to do more, and therefore we do not always know where salt will be beneficial.

To the relation of the system as the just quoted, are productive of no harm, but when they are calculated to do injury in man it is a pity that man should be so susceptible to the action of salts.

For scientific as to "assume a knowledge have it not."—Country Gentleman.

*Amesbury Agricultural School*

Every farm and workshop ought to be a school, and every man and woman ought to be a teacher, and every child ought to be a scholar, and every nation ought to be a university. In the school, the teacher should be a guide, and the scholar should be a learner, and the nation should be a student. In the workshop, the master should be a teacher, and the apprentice should be a learner, and the nation should be a student. In the university, the professor should be a teacher, and the student should be a learner, and the nation should be a student. In the end, the school, the workshop, and the university should be one, and the teacher, the learner, and the nation should be one.

Never drive faster than a walk with heavy loads. Do not let horses sweat in the stable. Do not let a horse, without exercise, sweat in the stable. Feed regularly, and in quality according to the needs of the animal and the labor he performs. Do not drive or overwork a horse. Do not let the horse stand in the stable. Do not let boots of dried mud, and coats of matted hair, be on the horse. Do not let all the time in the year make your horse's life a hell when tied in the stable. Try to make it a heaven there. Learn your horses to trust and have confidence in their men. Do not let them fear.

**PROVERBS OF BEN. Among the few breeds of this year, we noticed that a correspondent of the *Equine World* had written that he had seen a horse, which, with the exception of two or three, was the best of the year. This was a white horse and he had little hope of producing a good one. He had a hundred and fifty pounds of white clover hay, \$45; fifty pounds black-tail, twenty-five cents; \$12.50; total, \$102.50. He was a swam.**

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# Y NEWSPAPER.

you'll remain till after Christmas. We are to have a grand gathering at Christmas time, and I look to you

"I'll remain till after Christmas. We are to have a grand gathering at Christmas time, and I look to you to be there."

"He shouldered his spoke, and said, 'O, old friend, no, thanks; at that time I must be in town.'"

"What?" I replied, "to spend your Christmas with your dear daughter?"

"No, no, no," he said, "I have no time to waste in a waste of time, or to exchange sympathies with, while we shall all have a very busy house full. Why, George, if you don't like, I will send you a note to the post office."

"I don't know," I said, looking up at him in surprise.

"God bless you and her too," Freshman exclaimed, fervently; "the kindness shows to me by both of you that you are all hearted, and I am glad to hear of it and since I had you to come to, I have been a different man. But you must have noticed that I have not been a good person, and I am glad to hear of it."

"Dull, George, dull, but never morose," I replied; "a little dull now and then; indeed, Bella—"

"Accepting," I have often seen her looking woderfully at my gloomy expression and my knit brows, and I have endeavored to shake it off, but it will not go."

"What is it, may I ask, George?"

"To explain, would involve a long story. Frank, I have been a little morose, but not so, however, as you were so readily to my confidence, and I've half a doubt sometimes been upon the point of telling you, as I think, that I should be a little better. So, to begin with—"

"I thought so!" I exclaimed, "and—"  
 "and he passed so much of my mystery; I have the idea here, that I have  
 have finished your letters, and have  
 were we got out riding, so I may as  
 go as briefly as possible. But Oxford is that  
 in the fourteen years ago—  
 I came with my old dog  
 son, Sir Laetotie, Bower, who lived in a glorious  
 old hall in the middle of Wiltshire. My  
 estate in such style as remains with few baronets now-  
 days. I arrived on Christmas eve, just in time for  
 the dinner. I was the only person who was not  
 wrapped at my door and called out in jolly tones, "Just  
 in time, Frank, my dear boy! brought a good apple  
 of the Pops, put on your lightest boots and your  
 lightest boots, for we before you are going to see  
 Sir Roger de Coverly at nine, and there'll be such a  
 mistle-toe-bush somewhere as hand!"  
 "I was not a little surprised, indeed, I found the  
 house full of such young and old, rich and poor,  
 gentle and simple, all gathered together around Sir  
 Laetotie at Christmas time, to the old man's intense  
 delight."

But the cloth was somewhat fidgety and expectant, and the cloth was no sooner off the table than he called the butler, and ordered him to 'send Miss Maud here at once.' After a lapse of three minutes, there bounded into the room a little girl of about seven or eight years old, the loveliest I ever saw. She had

bright blue trusting eyes, long fair hair, floating in  
angles over her rounded shoulders, and the prettiest

right hand trusting eye, long fair hair, floating in the air over her round shoulders, and the prettiest smile in the world, she was the daughter of Sir Lancelot's grand-daughter, and the idol of the old man's heart. Her mother had run away from home with a penniless carrier, and had died unknown by her father, who had never seen her. When she came to the grave, and little Maud was left to the care of the Dutch boys on the farm which the poor oligarch had bought, she was a child of five years of age. She showed the blithest odour of pride in silence and heart-breaking love, gave her seat for the child to England, and had her at her home, lavishing on her the love of her father and of herself. She was the dawning up since his daughter's flight. She was the sunshine of the place, and the old man never seemed so thoroughly happy when she was out of his sight. The little Maud was a child of fifteen, and was a very beautiful gentleman, for whom general old Sir Lancelot had great contempt; but a private parva was being made for her, and added to whenever there was opportunity.

"It was a pretty sight to see this lovely child sitting in the old man's knee, and twining her arms about his neck, and leaning her head against his old, sturdy old oak, and it was a prettier sight still to see them together afterwards in the great hall, for

the enormous deep embrasures of fire-places, lay and enjoyed the Yule log emitting genial warmth and gratifying fragrance. The children were not permitted to enjoy the season. All the furniture and lumber was and been cleaned out to leave a large room for dance parties. The children were not permitted to enjoy the season. All the furniture and lumber was and been cleaned out to leave a large room for dance parties. The children were not permitted to enjoy the season. All the furniture and lumber was and been cleaned out to leave a large room for dance parties.

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"And you are so blundered deeply, and the tears came into her eyes as she said, 'Oh, then you have not married!'"

"And he answered what I asked hurriedly.

"That I am engaged to be married."

"Who—is the fortunate gentleman? I asked, like brute, with my tongue prompting me to sneer.

"A young man, who lives at the close, and who has just graduated how grateful I am to you; but it was the grandpapa's dearest wish that I should marry a young man who lives at the close, and who has just inherited his father's property. Poor grandpapa always wanted me out of his income, and said he would never see me out of his house," and her tears flowed freely.

"And do you love Mr. Darrell, Maund? I asked, making her hand.

"I love grandpapa's Darrell," was her reply, with downcast eyes.

"I left her, after she had pledged her word to write me at any time when she might require my advice or assistance, and I went to my aunt's section and down in a dark, dreary chamber, with a weight at

"But what has become of her George?" I asked. "Did she marry this Durrell?"

"No," said George, "she is a stupid sportsman, and does nothing more. I heard of him as a reckless gambler on the turf and at the table; of her as a broken-hearted creature, who has been through a great deal of trouble."

"She had her husband's death, I had been told, in the Christmas Eve, in my chambers; I was being hard at work, and had just laid down my pen and crossed my fingers when I was startled by a knock at the door. I opened the door at once, and saw a figure, miserably old, standing close to my open door, unrecognised by me, and on that instant I felt a voice, my own voice, saying, 'George, I am dead.' I knew that Maud stood before me. It was she, but when I led her into the room, I never saw her. I felt her presence, and I felt her hand on my forehead, but she faded out of my sight, and her hand fell and fell, and she faded; her face was like glass, and I left them all and fled; and this—her whole appearance changed. I brought her home, and she was a young girl, and I married her. I was wise and thin. She was nearly fretting with hun-

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There would be eventually a greater amount of happiness and solid propriety in any community, if every man and woman, at a time hushed the ambition of the world, and the desire of the flesh, and the love was to rise in his business and become one of the leading men of his calling.

When the sickness came, the young man could not attend to her domestic affairs; the young wife became nervous, indifferent and wasteful; the physician was called in; the husband himself was obliged to leave home, and the young man, who had been one of his own affairs took place, and everywhere were waste and expenditure and loss of business and money, and the young man, who had been so well hoped for was to live from one day to another.

At other times the husband become the invalid;—the support of the family is thrown upon the young wife; and how many of them have worked themselves into a premature grave or into a lifetime agony, and painful to contemplate.

There is a great deal of money thrown away in the health without previously making a fair statement of the case. And even if a marriage takes place, the husband is not a prudent man, and the wife is not a prudent woman, and against unborn innocents. But the parties are "sickly" it is wholly incurable and

to be frowned upon by every intelligent community. The pecuniary and political considerations of the parties. They may be able to support themselves, but they can give no guarantee that their children, increased in body and feeble in mind, shall not be a burden on the community at the hospital, the almshouse or an insane asylum. The best general plan for marring and mending the race is to encourage the physical and mental characteristics as possible. The city should marry the white man to the white woman, the black-haired the blonde; the bilious temperment the nervous; the fair-skinned the bronzetinted. It should not mix the colors. To mix the colors, in its like, is to degrade the race.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

### Determined to Die.

In the little town of Dover, which is situated on the banks of the Cumberland river, in middle Tennessee, there lived, not many years ago, an eccentric and an intemperate old man, who, by the name of Kensington. On one occasion, when he came to the city of New York, for the purpose of attending some of those stings and horrors prevalent in that city, he sent for one of his old bond companions, and told him to get him a ticket for New York, for the position of his name, came, duty to Kensington's room.

"What's the matter, Kensington?"

"Shylock, shut the door."

"Why, my dear fellow?"

"Look it."

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Big Trees, the scene of the famous 1892 earthquake there appears to be a boundless, almost level plain at Black Rock, but the ore is said to be of an unusual quality. The Big Trees mine has been long and hard worked with very good results at the mill at Black Rock. The quantity of ore is so great that it is estimated it will justify the erection of a thousand mills. A large number of the people of the country are employed at the *Eastern Slope* where many curiosities peculiar to the country, strange petrifications from the Cretaceous water-worn pebbles from the mountains and some topographical features are to be seen. The Indian said from solid tin, a superior quality, apparently of ore-block tin, said to contain six per cent of copper. The tin is said to be of a very curious fracture, that admits no change in form or shape, and is of a very fine texture. The editor of the *Yuma* says: "He also tells us of many strange things that he has seen in the mountains of the *Eastern Slope*. The mountains he heard of but did not see. Among the latter he says that there is a great basin that contains a petrified forest. Apparently fossil trees, many vast trees of solid stone. He says that he has seen a petrified forest. Doubtful as this tale may appear, shall we dare

discuss the correctness when we know this strange and beautiful spring of fresh water which has a diameter, that is, a width, of 100 feet, from which 500 tons of water ever run; and in the same vicinity there is a flowing stream of cold and apparently pure water, which is 100 feet wide, and 10 feet deep; and that any water found by digging is as salt as sea water; make it; that a half dollar deposited in the soil will be found in 100 days, and after thirty days no vestige of it can be found!

## PHOTOGRAPH | C

**PHOTOGRAPH**  
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